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N° XXXI.—MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1798.

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*Rebellion in this Land shall lose its sway.*

SHAKESPEARE.

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### IRELAND.

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WE purposely avoid entering into any detail upon the Subject of the Events in IRELAND, because We do not conceive that any particular action is of itself decisive of the great Question now at issue in that Kingdom. But the many concurrent Reports which have reached this Country, of the Advantages obtained over the Rebels at Ross, give Us every reason to hope that the consequences of that Action may be of the most important and satisfactory nature.

It is a great satisfaction to learn from all Accounts, both Public and Private, that the Rebellion is now confined to the Counties of WICKLOW and WEXFORD. And We trust that the great additional Force which Government has with so commendable a promptitude and alacrity detached to the reinforcement of the Army in Ireland, will speedily accomplish what yet remains to be done towards the final Extinction of this unnatural Rebellion, circumscribed as it now is, within so small a portion of that Kingdom.

A Detachment of the GUARDS, amounting to above 1800 Effective Men (a part only of the Reinforcement destined for IRELAND) left London early yesterday morning; and by the means which were provided for the rapidity of their conveyance, no doubt is entertained that they will sail in the course of this day from *Portsmouth*, and will arrive within a very short time at the point where their presence is most required.

The loyalty and public spirit of the People of Ireland, appear to have risen in proportion to the calls which the Government has had occasion to make upon their Services. The MILITIA has uniformly displayed an energy, an exertion, and a discipline, which would have done credit to the most experienced Troops. And there is but one sentiment throughout Ireland, as to the Principles which have proved so fatal to the peace of that Country, and as to the wicked, traitorous, and diabolical artifices which the *Patriots* there, and their Coadjutors *here*, and in *France*, have employed (but we trust have employed in vain), to delude the People to their ruin,

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## WEEKLY EXAMINER.

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### LIES.

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"It was yesterday reported, that several Men had been smothered  
 "to death on board the King's Tenders lying off the Tower."—  
*Morning Post*, June 5.

Three days after, the *Morning Chronicle* re-published this atrocious Falsehood, with the following improvements :

"On

"On Thursday last, no less than nine impressed men, who had in the night been suffocated in the hold of the Tender off the Tower, were brought on shore to be owned by their relations. Six perished on the preceding night! What must have been the state of the survivors."—*Morning Chronicle*, June 8.

We are happily relieved from any animadversions on this complicated baseness, this cool, deliberate, systematic fabrication of Jacobinical falsehood and malignity, by the determination announced in the House of Commons to prosecute, at least, one of the guilty set. We had ventured to hope, that none of them would escape; they are all equally criminal—all knew they were inserting a Lie—and all inserted it for the basest purposes,

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"A Clergyman was desired very recently to preach at Lausanne—on entering the Church, he was astonished to see the Picture of Mr. GIBSON attached to the Pulpit Cloth, where three Letters of grand signification are usually placed."—*Morning Chronicle*, June 4.

These "three Letters of grand signification," as they are sneeringly called, compose the name JESUS: a name never introduced into this Paper, but to be scorned and reviled. We do not think it worth while to quote the rest of this article,

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### MISREPRESENTATIONS.

WE have *reluctantly* determined to say nothing at present respecting the various reports that spring up from day to day, with respect to the state of Ireland;—We say *reluctantly*, because the false, and inconsistent, and wicked accounts with which the Jacobin Journals teem on this subject, call for our severest animadversions—animadversions

madversions which they shall yet receive: at present, motives of the most powerful nature compel our silence.

One example, however, of their baseness, we now lay before our Readers. It is the first which occurs, and is neither more nor less atrocious than the rest. It is taken, as every example of superior villainy must be taken, from that "virtuous and moral" Print, the *Morning Chronicle*.

"General DUNDAS has, in my opinion, done a very " foolish thing, in granting the Rebels the terms *he has*." —This is said, and for aught we know to the contrary, truly, to be copied from a Letter. Every one knows the Writer's meaning; and the *Morning Chronicle* has himself stated it, where he says that—"they (the Rebels) deceived the General, by putting into his hand several " low, illiterate wretches, instead of their Leaders"—Now, what is his interpretation of this inoffensive passage? He first states in his leading article, that it was written by a man warmly attached to the Minister, and then comments on it thus—"TO FORBEAR CUTTING " TO PIECES FOUR THOUSAND DELUDED BEINGS " WHO OFFERED TO SURRENDER, IS CHARACTE- " RIZED AS FOOLISH!"—So much for the sentiments of those who are pleased to call themselves loyal!—*Morning Chronicle*, May 29.

We could retort here, and "from a full flowing stomach;" but we forbear. Our Readers will make their own comments on this infamous Misrepresentation.

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#### EXPEDITION TO OSTEND.

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We congratulate the *Morning Chronicle* on its being relieved from a part of its anxiety respecting the "illegitimate"

timate" Expedition to *Ostend*.—"We lament," it says (May 23), "that the French Government have *such* an opportunity of boasting of the *vigilance* of their defence." Happily for the feelings of this patriotic Print, the French Government have missed that "opportunity." They confirm, indeed, the statement of the *Morning Chronicle*, that we are "without energy and without courage;" by proving to the satisfaction of every Jacobin out of France, that 4000 English laid down their arms to about 300 French; but they are so far from "*boasting* of their vigilance," that they do not even mention it, notwithstanding the assertion so boldly hazarded in that Paper, that, "it was calculated to re-instate them in their popularity."—*Morning Chronicle*, May 23.

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### MISTAKES.

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"ON Saturday the Duke of PORTLAND, the Marquis of TITCHFIELD, Lord EDWARD BENTINCK, &c. &c paid up their Arrears at the *Whig Club*, and withdrew their names. The Duke of PORTLAND and his Family have not been present at the *Whig Club* since the month of March 1793, when the grand Secession took place. By continuing their names, the Duke and his Family have given their tacit approbation of the Society up to the period of their withdrawing."—*Morning Chronicle*, June 4.

Though his Grace, We believe, in common with every Man of Honour, will dispute the justice of this conclusion; yet we cannot but lament that any pretence should be left to this Society, which, like drowning men, are now catching at twigs, for associating in their declarations, names long since known to be hostile to all their proceedings.

We

We flatter ourselves that this remark of the *Morning Chronicle*, certainly not made without authority, will operate as it ought; and shew such (if such there be) as from motives of delicacy, or friendship, continue Members of a Club, the principles of which they abhor, the immediate necessity of withdrawing themselves from it, if they do not wish to be considered as sanctioning by their names, every wild and wicked measure which that Club may choose to adopt.

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“ Our Political *Cassandra* is, alas ! never credited till the evils fore-  
 “ told are past remedy. The celebrated Doctor TUCKER, during  
 “ the American War, preached to the winds ; but after his sa-  
 “ gacity was proved, and it was too late to profit by it, a Priest  
 “ was made of him, with this motto—*Fatis aperit Cassandra futuris,*  
 “ *ora (Dei Jassa), non numquam credita Teucris.*”—*Morning Chronicle,*  
*May 29.*

This is one of those deep paragraphs for which the *Morning Chronicle* is so justly famed. Who the Political *Cassandra* is, We know not, but suppose it to mean Mr. Fox, who, with a perspicacity peculiar to himself, ONLY TEN YEARS, be it remembered, AFTER THE WHOLE WORLD HAD BEEN TERRIFIED AND APPALLED AT THE APPEARANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, discovered and announced to the admiring Members of the *United Clubs* that it had now begun “ TO THROW OFF THE MASK \*.”

The *Morning Chronicle* seems almost as well acquainted with the History of Dr. TUCKER, as *Cassandra Fox* with the nature of the French Revolution. Of the meaning of the Doctor's Motto, We are as ignorant as of the language in which it is written: a Learned Friend

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\* See his last Speech at the Crown and Anchor.

to whom We have shewn it, suggests the probability of its being meant for Latin—this, however, We do not believe, as We recollect, that when this Paper had some time since an occasion to quote Latin, and even Greek, in its blasphemous ridicule of our SAVIOUR, it shewed some knowledge of the language.

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“ A Writer in a Morning Paper deplors the many instances of “ *Forgery*; a crime which, he adds, is never pardoned. We do “ not, indeed, recollect an instance of its being pardoned, but “ there is an instance in every person’s memory, of its being “ handsomely rewarded as a *ruse de Guerre*.”—*Morning Chronicle*, June 3.

The decision of the Directory, in favour of the *Courier*, has soured this Paper so much, that, like the Madman of SOLOMON, it flings about its sarcasms indiscriminately on friends and foes. The indecent allusion to the *forgery* of *L’Eclair* by the *Morning Post*, seems to us, an attack of the most unprovoked nature.

If it be meant to prejudice its Competitor for the title of “ Republican Paper,” in the eyes of France, it is altogether unnecessary—that favoured Country will not think one jot the worse of a Print, for a peccadillo of this nature. We put it to the conscience of the *Morning Chronicle* itself, whether it really thinks that it lost one hand or one heart in France, by its *forging* a Decree of the Convention, for repealing the Act for Murdering all the English Prisoners in cold blood? And, if it did not, why should it fancy it can injure the *Morning Post* by throwing a transaction of a similar kind in its face!

The “ handsome reward,” too, so sneeringly mentioned, has more of malice than of truth in it; for though it appeared on the Trial, that some profits were made in  
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the Alley, every one knows (though the *Morning Chronicle* chuses to appear ignorant of it), that the *Morning Post* was compelled to re-fund a part of them to such as had suffered by the *Forgery*!

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### POETRY.

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WE have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and to say the truth, dull Letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on Mr. HIGGINS, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the productions of the *German Theatre*, a performance no way resembling any of those Pieces which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engross, the admiration of the British Public.

As We cannot but consider ourselves as the Guardians of Mr. HIGGINS's Literary Reputation, in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of Our Paper (though, what We think of the danger of his *Principles*, We have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, We trust, succeeded in putting our Readers upon their guard against them)—We hold ourselves bound not only to justify the fidelity of the Imitation—but (contrary to our original intention), to give a further Specimen of it in our present Number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our Author and his Calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe, that Mr. HIGGINS professes to have taken his notion of German Plays wholly



wholly from the *Translations* which have appeared in our language.—If *they* are totally dissimilar from the Originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the Translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily; and might have done so in our last Number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his Play, the Scene in some one or other of the German Plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character;—and if they were suppressed by us (as in truth they were), on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H. as in fact, our principal reason for it, was the apprehension, that from the extreme closeness of the Imitation in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention, more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between MATILDA and CECILIA, for example, in the First Act of the “ROVERS,” and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken, *almost word for word*, from “STELLA,” a German (or professedly a German) Piece now much in vogue; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. HIGGINS’s Play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the Ladies come, as the Reader will see by and by, to share CASIMERE between them.

The Dinner Scene is copied partly from the published Translation of the “STRANGER,” and partly from the  
First

First Scene of "STELLA." The *Song* of ROGERO, with which the First Act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German Literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous Letter-Writer to the names of PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, as little likely to have been assigned to English Characters by any Author of taste or discernment.—In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place, to admit that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands.—These names stood originally PUDDINC-RANTZ and BEEFINSTERN, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our Author proceeded in all probability on the authority of GOLDONI, who, though not a German, is an Italian Writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of Liberty and Beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *Beef*, and thereby produced an English Nobleman whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef*.

To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way perhaps of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s Imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the Plot, which that Gentleman transmitted to us, together with his Drama, and which it is perhaps the more necessary to do, as the limits of our Paper not allowing of the publication of the whole Piece, some general

neral knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our Readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several Extracts which we lay before them.

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### PLOT.

ROGERO, Son of the late Minister of the Count of SAXE WEIMAR, having, while he was at College, fallen desperately in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN, Daughter of his Tutor, Doctor ENGELBERTUS POTTINGEN, Professor of Civil Law, and MATILDA evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill-consequences, sends his Daughter on a visit to her Aunt in *Wetteravia*, where she becomes acquainted with CASIMERE, a Polish Officer, who happens to be quartered near her Aunt's; and has several Children by him.

RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR, a Prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his Prime Minister and favourite, GASPAR, a crafty villain, who had risen to his Post by first ruining, and then putting to death ROGERO's father.—GASPAR, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young ROGERO may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with MATILDA (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor POTTINGEN) to procure from his Master an order for the recall of ROGERO from College, and for committing him to the care of the PRIOR of the *Abbey of Quedlinburgh*, a Priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to GASPAR's interests—sending at the same time private orders to the Prior to confine him in a Dungeon.

Here ROGERO languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a Cavern, by the Landlady of the *Golden Eagle* at WEIMAR, with whom GASPAR contracts, in the Prince's name, for his support; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of ROGERO for ever.

In the mean time CASIMERE, having been called away from the neighbourhood of MATILDA's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries CECILIA, by whom he has a family, and whom he likewise deserts after a few years co-habitation, on pretence of business which calls him to *Kamschatka*.

Doctor POTTINGEN, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his Daughter's society, sends young POTTINGEN in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her

either her present Lover CASIMERE, or, should that not be possible, ROGERO himself, if he can find him; the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his Children comfortably settled before his death. MATILDA, about the same period, quits her Aunt's in search of CASIMERE; and CECILIA having been advertised (by an anonymous letter), of the falsehood of his *Kamschatka* journey, sets out in the Post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the Play opens—with the accidental meeting of CECILIA and MATILDA at the Inn at WEIMAR. CASIMERE arrives there soon after, and falls in first with MATILDA, and then with CECILIA. Successive *déclaircissements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two Ladies are to live jointly with CASIMERE.

Young POTTINGEN, wearied with a few weeks search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at WEIMAR, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with PUDDINCRAITZ and BEEFINSTERN, two English Noblemen, whom the tyranny of KING JOHN has obliged to fly from their Country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at WEIMAR.

The News of the Signature of MAGNA CHARTA arriving, determines PUDDINCRAITZ and BEEFINSTERN to return to *England*. Young POTTINGEN opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search.—This they refuse; but coming to the Inn where they are to set off for *Hamburgh*, they meet CASIMERE, from whom they had both received many civilities in *Poland*.

CASIMERE, by this time, tired of his "DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT," and having learnt from the Waiter that ROGERO is confined in the Vaults of the neighbouring Abbey *for love*, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over MATILDA to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, who agree to assist him; as also does Young POTTINGEN. The WAITER of the Inn proving to be a *Knight Templar* in disguise, is appointed Leader of the Expedition. A Band of TROUBADOURS, who happen to be returning from the CRUSADES, and a Company of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers returning from the SEVEN YEARS WAR, are engaged as Troops.

The attack on the Abbey is made with great success. The Count of WEIMAR and GASPAR, who are feasting with the PRIOR, are seized and beheaded in the Refectory. The PRIOR is thrown into the Dungeon, from which ROGERO is rescued. MATILDA and CECILIA rush in. The former recognizes ROGERO, and agrees to live with him. The Children are produced

produced on all sides—and YOUNG POTTINGEN is commissioned to write to his Father, the DOCTOR, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to WEIMAR to partake of the general felicity.

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THE ROVERS;  
OR,  
THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

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ACT II.

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SCENE—a Room in an ordinary Lodging-House at WEIMAR.

—PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON discovered, sitting at a small deal table, and playing at ALL-FOURS. Young POTTINGEN, at another table in the corner of the Room, with a Pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon Mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the firmament—at the last trial he holds the Mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then he replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.—The Pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.

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BEEFINGTON.—I beg.

PUDDINGFIELD—(*Deals three cards to BEEFINGTON.*)—

Are you satisfied?

BEEF.—Enough. What have you?

PUDD.—High—Low—and the Game.

BEEF.—Damnation! 'Tis my deal. (*Deals—Turns up a Knave.*) One for his heels! (*Triumphantly.*)

PUDD.—Is King highest?

BEEF.—No. (*Sternly.*)—The Game is mine—The Knave gives it me.

PUDD.—Are Knaves so prosperous?

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BEEF.

BEEF.—Aye marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies*\* to them.

PUDD.—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Still the same proud spirit, BEEFINGTON, which procured thee thine exile from *England*.

BEEF.—England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee? (*during this time PUDDINGFIELD deals, and begins to arrange his band.*)

BEEFINGTON (*continues*)—Phoo—Hang ALL-FOURSW; hat are they to a mind ill at ease?—Can they cure the heart-ache? Can they soothe banishment? Can they lighten ignominy?—Can ALL-FOURS do this? O! my PUDDINGFIELD, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well bent bow; but mine—O! mine—(*falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair. Young POTTINGEN, awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards BEEF. and PUDD.*—*The former begins to recover.*)

Y. POT.—What is the matter, Comrades†?—you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

BEEF.—Lost.—I have lost my Country.

Y. POT.—And I my Sister.—I came hither in search of her.

BEEF.—O, England!

Y. POT.—O, MATILDA!

\* This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but *ill-rendered* in a Translation. A *NODDY*, the Reader will observe, has two significations—the one a *Knave at All-fours*; the other a Fool, or BOOBY. See the Translation of COUNT BENYOWSKY, or the CONSPIRACY of KAMCHATKA, a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the Play opens with a Scene of a Game at Chess, (from which the whole of this Scene is copied) and a joke of the same point and merriment about PAWNS (*i. e.*) BOOBS being a match for KINGS.

† This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—"Co-occupants of the same room, in a house lett out at a small rent by the week."—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *Cum*, formerly in use at our Universities.

BEEF.

BEEF.—Exiled by the tyranny of an Usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my Country.

Y. POR.—Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed Husband of my Sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—Her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her Brother, am torn from my paternal roof and from my studies in Chirurgery; to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue ROGERO, I know not how.—Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder Abbey—in these dark, dank vaults, there my friends—there lies ROGERO—there MATILDA's heart—

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SCENE II.

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Enter WAITER.—Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

BEEF.—(*Goes to the door, and returns with a Letter, which he opens—On perusing it, his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously*)—Hah, my Friend, what joy! (*Turning to PUDDINGFIELD.*)

PUDD.—What? tell me—Let your PUDDINGFIELD partake it.

BEEF.—See here—(*produces a printed Paper.*)

PUDD.—What?—(*with impatience.*)

BEEF.—(*In a significant tone*)—A Newspaper!

PUDD.—Hah, what say'st thou!—A Newspaper!

BEEF.—Yes, PUDDINGFIELD, and see here—(*shews it partially*)—from England.

PUDD.—(*With extreme earnestness*)—Its name?

BEEF.—The *Daily Advertiser*—

PUDD.—Oh ecstasy!

BEEF.—(*With a dignified severity.*)—PUDDINGFIELD, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

PUDD.—(*After a pause with suppressed emotion*)—Well, I will be—I am calm—Yet tell me, BEEFINGTON, does it contain any news?

BEEF.—Glorious news, my dear PUDDINGFIELD—the Barons are victorious—KING JOHN has been defeated—MAGNA CHARTA, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the Third of July Old Style.

PUDD.—I can scarce believe my ears—But let me satisfy my eyes—Shew me the Paragraph.

BEEF.—Here it is, just above the Advertisements.

PUDD.—(*reads*)—"The great demand for *Packwood's Razor Straps*"—

BEEF.—'Pshaw! What, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—See here, at the head of the Column.

PUDD.—(*reads*)—

"A hireling Print, devoted to the Court,

"Has dared to question our Veracity

"Respecting the Events of yesterday;

"But by to-day's accounts, our information

"Appears to have been perfectly correct.—

"The Charter of our Liberties receiv'd

"The Royal Signature at five o'clock,

"When Messengers were instantly dispatch'd

"To Cardinal PANDULFO; and their Majesties,

"After partaking of a cold collation,

"Return'd to Windsor."—I am satisfied.

BEEF.—Yet here again—there are some further particulars—(*Turns to another part of the Paper*)—"Extract of a Letter from Egham—"My Dear Friend, we are all here in high spirits—The interesting event which took place this morning at *Runnymede*, in the neighbourhood of this town"—

PUDD.—Hah! *Runnymede*—Enough—No more—my doubts are vanished—then are we free indeed!—



BEEF.—I have, besides, a Letter in my pocket from our Friend the immortal BACON, who has been appointed Chancellor.—Our Outlawry is reversed!—What says my Friend—Shall we return by the next Packet?

PUDD.—Instantly, instantly!

BOTH.—Liberty!—ADELAIDE!—Revenge!

*(Exit—Young POTTINGEN following, and waving his bat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.)*

SCENE changes to the outside of the Abbey. A Summer's Evening—Moonlight.

Companies of AUSTRIAN and PRUSSIAN Grenadiers march across the Stage, confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years War. Shouts and Martial Music.

The Abbey Gates are opened.—The MONKS are seen passing in procession, with the PRIOR at their head. The Choir is heard chaunting Vespers. After which a pause.—Then a Bell is heard, as if ringing for Supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the Gates by the Porter, a Troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a Lady under his arm—TROUBADOUR seems much in liquor, but caresses the FEMALE MINSTREL.

FEM. MINST.—Trust me, GIERONYMO, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

TROUBADOUR.—'Pshaw, Women will be enquiring. Melancholy! Not I.—I will sing thee a Song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"What have I got under my cloak?" It is a Riddle, MARGARET—I learnt it of an Almanack-maker at GOTHAM—If thou guessest it after the first Stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

FEM. MIN.—'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.—  
(*Plays on her Balalaika* \*.)

(TROUBADOUR *sings*.)

I bear a secret comfort *here*,  
(*Putting his hand on the bundle, but without shewing it.*)  
A joy I'll ne'er impart;  
It is not wine, it is not beer,  
But it consoles my heart.

FEM. MINST.—(*Interrupting him*).—I'll be hang'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

TROUBADOUR.—I mean!—Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings—

(FEM. MINST. *attempts to lay bold on the bottle.*

TROUBADOUR *pushes her aside, and continues singing, without interruption.*)

This cherry-bounce, this lov'd noyeau,  
My drink for ever be;  
But, sweet my Love, thy wish forego  
I'll give no drop to Thee!

(*Both together.*)

TROUBADOUR. } This } cherry-bounce { this } loved noyeau.  
FEM. MIN. } That } { that }

TROUB. } My } Drink for ever be;  
FEM. MIN. } Thy }

TROUB. } But, sweet my love { thy wish foreg !  
FEM. MIN. } { one drop bestow.

TROUB. } I } keep it all for { ME !  
FEM. MIN. } Nor } { THEE !

EXEUNT, *struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the FEM. MINST. appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*

END OF ACT II.

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\* The BALALAIKA is a Russian Instrument, resembling the Guitar.—  
See the Play of "COUNT BENYOWSKY," rendered into English.

ACT THE THIRD—contains the eclairsissements and final arrangement between CASIMERE, MATILDA, and CECILIA; which so nearly resembles the concluding Act of "STELLA," that We forbear to lay it before our Readers.

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ACT IV.

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SCENE—*The Inn door—Diligence drawn up. CASIMERE appears superintending the package of his Portmanteaus, and giving directions to the Porters.*

*Enter BEEFINGTON and PUDDINGFIELD.*

PUDD.—Well, COACHEY, have you got two inside places?

COACHMAN.—Yes, your Honour.

PUDD. *seems to be struck with CASIMERE's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the COACHMAN, then doubtingly pronounces—*CASIMERE!

CASI.—*turning round rapidly, recognizes PUDDINGFIELD, and embraces him.*

CASI.—My PUDDINGFIELD!

PUDD.—My CASIMERE!

CASI.—What BEEFINGTON too! (*discovering him.*)—Then is my joy complete.

BEEF.—Our fellow-traveller, as it seems?

CASI.—Yes, BEEFINGTON—but wherefore to *Hamburgb*?

BEEF.—Oh, CASIMERE\*—To fly—to fly—to return—*England—our Country—MAGNA CHARTA—it is liberated—a new Æra—House of Commons—Opposition—*

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\* See "COUNT BENYOWSKY; or, the CONSPIRACY of KAMSCATKA," where CRUSTIEW, an old Gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense.

CRUSTIEW—(*with youthful energy and an air of secrecy and confidence*)—"To fly, to fly, to the Isles of Marian—the Island of Tinian—a terrestrial Paradise. Free—Free—a mild climate—a new-created Sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and Liberty—Tranquility."

CASI.

CASI.—What a contrast! you are flying to Liberty and your home—I driven from my home by Tyranny—am exposed to Domestic Slavery in a Foreign Country.

BEEF.—How domestic slavery?

CASI.—Too true—Two Wives—(*slowly, and with a dejected air—then after a pause*)—You knew my CECILIA?

PUDD.—Yes, five years ago.

CASI.—Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a Lady in *Wetteravia*—My MATILDA was under her protection—alighting at a Peasant's Cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the Children, in a light blue riding-habit.—The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers—as if by a magnetic sympathy—We wept, embraced, and went home together—She became the Mother of my PANTALOWSKY.—But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her ROGERO is languishing in captivity—If I could restore her to *him*!

BEEF.—Let us rescue him.

CASI.—Will without power \*, is like Children playing at Soldiers.

BEEF.—Courage without power †, is like a consumptive Running Footman.

CASI.—Courage without power is a contradiction ‡.—Ten brave men might set all *Quedlinburg* at defiance.

BEEF.—Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

CASI.—I will tell you—marked you the WAITER?

BEEF.—The Waiter?—(*doubtfully.*)

\* See "COUNT BENYOWSKY," as before.

† See "COUNT BENYOWSKY."

‡ See "COUNT BENYOWSKY" again. From which Play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the Translator's.

CASI.

CASI.—(*In a confidential Tone*)—No Waiter, but a *Knight Templar*. Returning from the Crusade, he found his Order dissolved, and his person proscribed.—He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a Waiter.—I have made sure of him already.—There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier. I have made them abjure their National enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of Freedom. These, with YOUNG PORTINGEN, the WAITER and ourselves, make Seven.—the TROUBADOUR, with his two attendant Minstrels, will complete the Ten.

BEEF.—Now then for the execution (*with enthusiasm*.)

PUDD.—Yes, my Boys—For the execution (*clapping them on the back*.)

WAITER.—But hist! We are observed.

TROUBADOUR.—Let us by a Song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED \*.

CASIMERE.—Hist! Hist! nor let the airs that blow

From NIGHT's cold lungs, our purpose know!

PUDDINGFIELD.—Let SILENCE, mother of the dumb

BEEFINGTON.—Press on each lip her palsied thumb!

WAITER.—Let PRIVACY, allied to Sin,

That loves to haunt the tranquil Inn—

GRENADIER and } And CONSCIENCE start, when she shall view,

TROUBADOUR. } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con Spirito*.

Then Friendship swear, ye faithful Bands,

Swear to save a shackled Hero!

See where yon Abbey frowning stands!

Rescue, rescue, brave ROGERO!

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\* We believe this Song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a Song in "COUNT BENYOWSKY; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka,"—where the Conspirators join in a chorus, *for fear of being overheard*.

CASIMIR—Thrall'd in a Monkish Tyrant's Fetters  
Shall great ROGERO hopeless lie ?

YOUNG POT.—In my pocket I have Letters,  
Saying, " help me, or I die !"

*Allegro Allegretto.*

CAS.—BEEF.—PUD.—GREN.	} Let us fly, let us fly,
TROUB.—WAIT.—and POT.	
with enthusiasm        -        -	} Let us help, ere he die !

*(Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.)*

SCENE—the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Drawbridges and Spikes.—TIME—about an hour before sun-rise.—The Conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the Signal for attack.—The WAITER is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the Cross on his breast, and the Scallop on his shoulder.—PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON armed with Blunderbusses and Pocket-pistols; the GRENADIERS in their proper Uniforms.—The TROUBADOUR, with his attendant MINSTRELS, bring up the rear—Martial Music—The Conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the Gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—Firing of Pistols—The Convent appear in Arms upon the walls—The Drawbridge is let down—A Body of Choristers and Lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the Verger killed.—The Besieged attempt to raise the Drawbridge—PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the Drawbridge, and, by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression—The other Besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.—PUDDINGFIELD makes the signal for the Battering Ram.—Enter QUINTUS CURTIUS and MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, in their proper Military Habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—The rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a Battering Ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance

is forced.—After a short resistance, the Besiegers rush in, with shouts of Victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey.—The Inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.

(PRIOR is brought forward between two Grenadiers.)

The COUNT of WEIMAR, who had been found feasting in the Refectory, is brought in manacled. He appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The PRIOR remains insensible, as if stupified with grief. BEEFINGTON takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the PRIOR's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement—Exeunt PRIOR and COUNT, properly guarded. The rest of the Conspirators disperse in search of the Dungeon where ROGERO is confined.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

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## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

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HAMBURG, JUNE 1.—LETTERS from Holland, arrived to-day, contain the most shocking details of new atrocities committed by the French in Switzerland: One Hundred and Thirty-three Villages, and Seventeen Towns, have been entirely destroyed and deserted. SION, the principal Town of the VALAIS, was plundered during twenty-four hours, and afterwards completely burnt. Children were stabbed with bayonets, and the women were dragged into the streets naked, and after the most brutal insults, thrown alive into the flames.

The fermentation is so violent, that OCHS, the new modeler of the Helvetic Republic, is afraid to appear in public;

public; the French have given him a guard for his person, otherwise he would be torn in pieces.

FRONTIERS OF SWITZERLAND, MAY 16.—The French, after having established themselves at *Zurich*, and being aware of the determination of the little Cantons (which they took no pains to conceal) not to accept the New Constitution, lost no time in marching against them. Their first point of attack was the town of *Zug*, where meeting with no resistance, they made themselves masters of the Arsenal, consisting of 6000 musquets and a few pieces of cannon. In the mean time a body of about 4000 men from the Canton of *Schweitz*, and a part of *Underwalden*, joined by the inhabitants of a District called the *Euthbuck* (a Baillywick of the Canton of *Lucern*), surprized the town of *Lucern*, carried off the contents of the Arsenal, consisting of an equal number of musquets with those lost at *Zug*, and 18 pieces of cannon, and having levied a Contribution of 8000 Florins, abandoned the town, which was very shortly after entered by the French. This brave Peasantry, apparently deserted by the rest of their Countrymen, have sustained three engagements in three successive days, in which the enemy has lost about 5000 men. At the head of this little army, taken from the cradle of Swiss Liberty, is a Mr. REDDING, of one of the principal families in the Canton of *Schweitz*, and a Mr. PARAVICINI, a Grison. These Commanders have had the address to profit so far of their advantages, as to conclude a Treaty with the French to the following effect:

1st, That they shall retain their Arms.

2d, That no Foreign or even National Troops in pay, shall enter their Territory.

3d, That



3d, That no Contribution shall be levied upon them.

The French Troops have also had several skirmishes in the neighbourhood of *Zurich*, particularly at a small town called *Rappershuryl*, on the right shore of the Lake, which they reduced to ashes, and with the destruction of which ended the struggle in this quarter. The accounts from the other parts of *Switzerland* agree in representing the general indignation to exceed all bounds; and that it is with the greatest difficulty that the people are restrained from immediate insurrection. The Tree of Liberty has been cut down at *Bern*, *Zurich*, and several other places.

The French have begun to throw up Fortifications at *Bern* and *Zurich*; from which it may be argued that they do not consider themselves as perfectly secure in their occupation of *Switzerland*, and that they dread being dislodged by some Foreign Powers.

RASTADT, MARCH 23.—The French Minister who has been left behind, does not choose to answer the Note of the Deputation. He is to have a new Colleague; but we are yet uncertain who he is to be. NEUFCHATEAU sent his Secretary GODFROI here the day before yesterday, to Count COBENZEL, to tell him that he waits his decision at *Strasbourg*, and that he has established himself at *Celz*, a little place on the other side of the *Rhine*. GODFROI returned to *Strasbourg* yesterday, with Count COBENZEL's Answer, stating, that he was under the necessity of waiting for the EMPEROR's orders, in order to know whether he would be permitted to pass the *Rhine* to negotiate with the Ex-Director.

It is evident that the footing upon which these two Negotiators are about to treat, is well calculated to conceal from us the progress of their future Negotiations.

At

At least, we shall only be enabled to judge from the effect which they may have on those of the Deputation with the French Ministers.

COPENHAGEN, MAY 29.—The Duc de LIANCOURT, an Agent and particular Friend of Mons. TALLEYRAND PERIGORD, after spending some weeks here, has quitted Copenhagen within these few days past; but without succeeding in the object of his Mission, which, it is supposed, was to obtain Money; but the publication of the Negotiations of the American Commissioners at Paris will certainly not contribute to the success of any future operations of this sort here, where it has already produced the most visible and best effects.

TURIN, MAY 5.—Accounts from *Venice* of the 28th ult. mention, that a similar scene to that which happened at *Vienna* on the 13th, had been exhibited at *Trieste*, where the French Consul, having displayed the Tricoloured Flag, had been insulted by the People, and obliged to seek his safety by flight.

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The *French Papers* which we have received of late, are less interesting than usual. The Directory have, for many reasons, more to conceal than to blazon at the present moment; and the caution of the Directory communicates itself to the Press of Paris.

There never has been a moment, when, considered either by itself, or with respect to almost every Foreign Country to which it stands in the relation either of Peace or Enmity, the Government of France had so little which it could represent or misrepresent to its own credit, or popularity

popularity on which it could ground an appeal in its own favour, to the sense or the passions of the People.

The scandalous transaction with the AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS, and the consequent preparations of *America* for war, are buried in profound silence. It would not perhaps be quite safe to announce, and it certainly would not be easy to palliate, the conduct by which *America* has at length been forced from her system of passive Neutrality. And as we find no inflammatory exhortations to animosity against the United States, it is probable that it may not yet have been decided on what grounds the quarrel is to be stated. An attempt to extort money for the private pockets of the Directors and their Minister, and a refusal on the part of a Foreign Power to purchase its disgrace by such a sacrifice, would not, even by the People of France, depressed and degraded as they are by the frightful tyranny under which they groan, be admitted as sufficient reasons for plunging the Nation into a fresh contest, and perpetuating the calamities of War. The dismissal of TALLEYRAND may probably be esteemed a necessary Preliminary to any Declaration of the Directory on the subject. On his mitred head they will heap exclusively the disgrace of personal corruption; and then they may stand up in the face of the world, and proclaim that they have no motive for the War, but to *reform the corrupt Government of America*.

Upon the affairs of *Switzerland*, the French Papers speak but sparingly. On this point they have not much to boast in prowess, nor much to vaunt in principle. If we may believe many concurrent accounts received from different quarters, the losses which the French Armies have of late sustained in that Country; the vigorous resistance which has been made to them by some of the

smaller Cantons, and the universal execration in which they are held throughout those which are already in their possession, are such as to make the Directory repent of the measures which they have pursued in *Switzerland*, from which they cannot recede without disgrace, and in which they cannot persevere without danger. The Army take indeed ample revenge on the spot, for whatever checks they may experience, by acts of violence and barbarity so horrid and revolting, that one can hardly conceive them to be perpetrated by beings wearing the shape of Man. There is yet comfort in the hope, that the spirited struggles of the Swiss may not be wholly ineffectual—that if the greater Powers of the Continent should at length be roused to a sense, which surely cannot much longer lie dormant, of the common danger which they *all* run, of the undistinguishing destruction to which they are *all* devoted; of the regular plan and series of attack of subversion which the Directory has been, and still is, carrying barefacedly into execution, and of which the ultimate scope is to reduce to shapeless ruins every system of Government, to helpless servitude every race of people—the hour of retribution may at length arrive.

That *France* leaves nothing undone on her part to hasten its arrival, must be acknowledged. Indefatigable in filling up the measure of her crimes, and cruelties, and oppressions, she at the same time appears anxious to awaken those whom she injures to a just feeling of the extent of what she inflicts upon them—and where they are found to be callous to injury, she quickens and stimulates them by insult.

If *Austria* has seen without remonstrance, the Preliminaries of *Leoben* done away by the Treaty of Cam-

po *Formio*, and the provisions of the Treaty of *Campo Formio* frittered away by the Notes of *Rastadt*—if the demolition of the Empire, by the Negotiations which were intended to secure and fortify it—if the abolition of Principalities, which were engaged to be maintained, the transplantation of Governments, which were guaranteed to be unmolested, the occupation of Fortresses, which were stipulated to be neutral;—if all this, and all besides, which it would be impossible to enumerate, but which will readily occur to whoever has looked at the series of TREILHARD'S and BONNIER'S extortions, rising each above the other in impudence and extravagance;—if all this is in *substance* insufficient to set the Court of *Vienna* upon other modes of defence than those which Diplomacy affords them:—the Court of *Vienna* is a proud Court;—and perhaps contempt, marked, studied, repeated contempt,—contempt in aggression, contempt in explanation, and by way of apology,—contempt first of a serious character, and such as might endanger the peace of the Monarchy,—contempt in the next place, of a lighter and more ludicrous kind, and such as cannot fail to render the Monarch, in his Representative, ridiculous throughout Europe;—This surely must succeed;—and the French have given it a fair trial.

We refer, as our Readers will imagine, to the affair of BERNADOTTE at *Vienna*. But the affair itself is nothing, in comparison of the explanation of it. An invitation is sent to Count COBENZL, now Prime Minister of the Austrian Monarchy, to meet General BUONAPARTE at *Rastadt*, for the express purpose of accommodating all the differences which have unluckily arisen since the Treaty of *Campo Formio*; and which were to be attributed in a great measure to the Negotiation having been

transferred into any other hands than those which begun it. The delays and difficulties at *Rastadt*, the misunderstanding with BERNADOTTE,—all would be settled if BUONAPARTE and Count COBENZL could but meet. The measure had its inconveniencies. Count COBENZL was just entered upon his post,—upon the charge of the arduous, important, and complicated affairs of an extensive and mighty Monarchy. But Count COBENZL waves all these considerations, and repairs without delay to *Rastadt*.—He arrives there. No BUONAPARTE. But there comes a Note (a polite one, no doubt) which assures them, that “General BUONAPARTE is very “sorry, but having an expedition of great importance “on hand,” &c. &c. &c. In short, Count COBENZL is not to expect to see him at *Rastadt*.—Here the Comedy might end; and one should think to the merriment of the Spectators. But not so. There is an After-piece to play. If the French cannot spare a General, they will send what is altogether as good;—an *Ex-Director*.—NEUFCHATEAU, it seems, has his time upon his hands:—and We all know from Lord MALMESBURY’s experience, with how much rapidity and effect an *Ex-Director* can negotiate. But there is this difficulty in the way of your *Ex-Director’s* power of negotiating, that he cannot go out of the Territories of the Republic. Count COBENZL’s own good sense would shew him this; and he could therefore, it was supposed, have no objection to going into the French Territory to meet NEUFCHATEAU. There was one other mode indeed that might have suggested itself, that of extending the French Territory so as to take in *Rastadt*, or whatever other place at which Count COBENZL might be stationed. But We do not hear that this has been proposed; and indeed it is but justice to the French

French to say, that though they can have but one intention in such a proceeding, that of seeing how far they can insult, degrade, and vilify with impunity, and without resistance, the first Crowned Head in Europe, they do not yet *laugh out*. How much farther they will push the trial, remains to be seen. It may surely be reasonable to hope, that not much more can be borne.

It is not, however, for the French Government to anticipate this result; and therefore the French Papers say but little upon the business.

Of the Expedition to *England* they say still less.

The principal piece of information is, that JEAN BON ST. ANDRÉ *se porte à merveille*, in spite of any Ballad which may insinuate to the contrary. There is also a detailed account of the Ceremonies attending TREILHARD's reception into the Directory; and some excellent Hints to the *Savans* who are to accompany BUONAPARTE to *Egypt*.

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## AMERICA.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2.—AMONG the most important Bills lately brought into Congress, has been one to enable the PRESIDENT to purchase and fit out Twelve Ships of War, of inferior size, not exceeding 22 guns, for the protection of the Trade of the United States. A leading Member of the *Opposition*, Mr. GALLATIN, moved to insert a provision, that these Ships *should not be employed as Convoys in time of Peace*; meaning to put it out of the power of the PRESIDENT to resist the depredations

dations of the French in the present moment, though it was well known that this resistance was the main purpose which the Bill had in view. It was, however, carried after a considerable struggle, that the provision should not be inserted: so that the matter is left to the discretion of the PRESIDENT.

Another Bill has been brought in, to empower the PRESIDENT to raise and discipline a Corps of 20,000 men, if circumstances should render it necessary, for the Defence of the Country, and especially of the Coast. This was opposed with vehemence. It was urged that the Militia, if properly organized and disciplined, would be sufficient for defence; that if this were not the case, and if a large body of Regulars were necessary, the Congress ought immediately to order them to be levied by its own authority, and not to leave it to the option of the PRESIDENT, a concession which was said to carry with it a formidable increase of his power, and to form a dangerous precedent for the introduction of a Standing Army. After much declamation of this nature, the measure was however agreed to.

A Bill was also introduced, for raising and training a Corps of Engineers: and as with this view a certain time is reckoned necessary for a species of apprenticeship to the profession, it was proposed that the duration of the Act should be fixed to the space of five years; which was voted, but not without a considerable struggle on the part of the *Opposition*, to reduce the term to two or three years.

The only measure that has been carried without a contest on the part of the Minority, is a Bill for the reparation and erection of Fortifications upon the more exposed parts of the Coasts,

Three



Three great objects are at present in contemplation:—One is to empower the PRESIDENT to accept of the services of all those who may offer to enlist themselves in Volunteer Corps, for the defence of the Country and the maintenance of good order. A second is an Alien Bill, and an alteration of the Law for Naturalizing Foreigners. The third is a proposed Revenue on Landed Property and Slaves, to the annual amount of Two Millions of Dollars. The friends of Government have no doubt that all these points will be obtained, after a partial opposition.

Spirited and loyal Addresses are daily arriving from the Sea Ports and populous Districts, in the Eastern and Middle States. The spirit has not yet made much progress in the Southern parts of the Union, but there is no doubt that it is gradually gaining ground in every quarter.

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#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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AN ANCIENT BRITON from Birmingham, wishes for an explanation of the term *PERE DU CHENE*. We inform him, that it is a name assumed by the Atheist *HEBERT*, the friend and confidant of *ROBESPIERRE*; and under which he published a *Morning Chronicle* in France, replete with blasphemies and horrors of every kind.—We gave the name to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* in England, because we saw him following the steps of his worthy predecessor; and we shall continue it to him, till we find an obvious change either in his principles or conduct, or in both.

We cannot sufficiently express our obligations to *APP. CLAUDIUS*. His *hints*, as he modestly calls them, merit every attention; and he may be assured they will not fail to receive it. We are sometimes apprehensive, that our Correspondents may imagine their Communications do not receive from us the notice to which they are entitled; and as far as relates to their non-appearance in our Paper, this is frequently the case. But the neglect is more in appearance than

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reality.

reality—We can assure them that nothing is lost, or mislaid, or overlooked—what is not printed, is frequently acted upon, and our Country is at this moment, we trust, essentially benefitting in more than one instance, by suggestions which we have received in the course of our undertaking.

Our Correspondent from Cornhill is perfectly right in his Observations—We shall not forget them; meanwhile, we thank him for the Article he sent us.

We thank HORATIO for his Note. The Paper he inclosed (*Bell's Weekly Messenger*), had escaped us. We think we never saw a more contemptible composition; and, as we hear its Sale is exceedingly low, we shall not raise it into notice, by our animadversions.

Our Jacobin Sunday Papers are, for the most part, as weak as they are wicked. Their Writings, however, though too absurd for argument, are yet a fit object for Justice; and we hope the Law will speedily apply the only punishment that their gross and ignorant malevolence can possibly receive.

We beg leave to suggest to HORATIO, whether it would not be more prudent to abstain altogether from the purchase of this inflammatory trash. We fear that more than one Jacobin Paper is kept above water, by the idle curiosity (to give it no worse a name) of many well-disposed people—to see “what it will say, and how wicked it can be.”

We shall write to ANTI-LEVELLER.

CURATOR.—IMITATOR.—AMICUS, &c. are received.